

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in South America, during the Years 1819, 20, 21; containing an Account of the present State of Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Chile. By A. CALDEBURGH, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 762. London, 1825. Murray.

If any thing could have been wanting to increase the interest which South America excites in Europe, it would have been supplied in the official declaration by the British government of its recognising the independence of three of her states; of its endeavours to induce Portugal to release Brazil from all claim of sovereignty over it; and in the well-known intention of our ministers to form commercial treaties with the other South American states, when even their independence is substantially and unquestionably secured.

The politician and the merchant alike feel a deep interest in our uniting ourselves more closely to the new world;—the one sees in this league a powerful barrier to the despotic views of the Holy Alliance, and the other, a new field for our commerce and manufactures: all acknowledge it as an act of justice to the new states, and a duty owing to this country. In vain will the contemptible bigot of Spain remonstrate; in vain will the French journals regret that we have taken a step so decided; and in vain will be the wailings of the courts of Russia and Austria at a measure which seems to give the death-blow to the principles of the league of which they are the head: the freedom of South America is sealed by this act of the British government, and, ere long, every power in Europe will be compelled to acknowledge it.

The states whose independence has been recognised by this country are Mexico, Colombia, and Buenos Ayres: in only one of these has Mr. Caldeburgh travelled—the last; but he has traversed Brazil and Chile, countries equally interesting; and he appears to have spared no pains in collecting every fact relating to the government, the resources, and prospects of the countries which he visited. For this Mr. Caldeburgh had excellent opportunities, as he was in the suite of Mr. Thornton, our minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro. Of the fidelity of his information and the correctness of his reasoning, we have no doubt, but he is far from being an elegant writer; indeed he often violates the most common rules of grammar.

Mr. Caldeburgh does not detain us long on the voyage, for at page 6 we find him entering and describing the beautiful Bay of Rio de Janeiro, which has been compared to that of Naples, although of a character totally different. He gives a good description of Rio, from which we make a short extract:—

‘One of the streets is filled with the warehouses for slaves, where the unhappy Negro is prepared for sale. It is crowded with planters and merchants, soon after the arrival of any slave-ship. There are several fountains in different parts of the town, with police officers attending to preserve order. They are supplied, for the most part, by an aqueduct of many arches, extending from near the summit of the Corcovado, the highest peak round the bay, being, by barometrical measurement, upwards of 2100 English feet.

‘The houses in the city are built either of stone, brought from the numerous quarries in the immediate neighbourhood, or of brick work plastered with shell lime. The rooms are generally large, with little furniture, and that, in most cases, of the commonest description. The houses in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, upon which all the skill of the architect has been expended, are mostly surrounded by verandas, which contribute much to their coolness. The Exchange, a neat building, was opened in 1820. The pavement of the streets is very indifferent; and the roads, extending only a short distance round the town, are purposely kept soft, to spare the feet of the blacks.

‘The country palace of his Majesty, where he most constantly resides, is at the village of St. Christovem, about four English miles from the city. On the arrival of the king, it was the residence of a merchant, who shortly after made a present of it to the royal family. It is surrounded by a veranda, and commands a fine view of the upper part of the harbour. The queen's country residence was a very small cottage at Catete, on the south of the capital. This is justly considered the most beautiful side of Rio, and is, therefore, thickly studded with the country seats of the more opulent citizens. Botafogo is also justly admired for the beauty of the scenery. This village stretches along the shore of a small, but most romantic bay of the same name.

‘The markets in Rio de Janeiro present little worthy of note. The fish-market, indeed, is distinguished for the great variety exposed, caught principally, if not entirely, within the harbour. Fruit is sold in every corner and square. The meat-shambles are very properly confined to particular spots. The public garden, some years ago so much frequented, and consequently kept in excellent order, is now much neglected and fast going to decay.’

Mr. Caldeburgh considers the climate of Brazil as decidedly superior to that of the United States, notwithstanding the more cleared state of the latter country, and the superior cleanliness of the inhabitants. The banana, or plantain, is much cultivated

in Brazil, is an essential article of food, and is considered so favourable to the increase of population, that the rich planters surround their estates with banana-trees, and permit their slaves to eat at discretion. In the account of the animals, insects, &c. of Brazil, Mr. C., with a sad confusion of singulars and plurals, says:—

‘The spider reaches an enormous size, with different habits from those of Europe. It stretches its web from tree to tree, and no longer appears a solitary insect: many hundreds live together, and form nets of such strength, that I have assisted in liberating a bird of the size of a swallow, quite exhausted with struggling, and ready to fall a prey to its indefatigable enemy.

‘It was always said by the Portuguese, that the ant was the inhabitant of Brazil, and it must be confessed there is some truth in the satire: they exist of all sizes and colours, and several towns have been so undermined by them, that they have nearly fallen in. At St. Paul's, there is a variety so large, that, fried, it forms a food by no means contemptible in the eyes of the inhabitants; and, however minute, they contribute much towards repressing a too rapid increase amongst reptiles much larger than themselves. Many winged insects, on touching the ground, become its prey. On one occasion, a spider, of the largest size, had fallen from a tree, and was attacked by millions of a small brown ant: in his attempts to get free, he crushed and destroyed many, but still some managed to get on his feet, and, crawling up to his thighs, remained quiet; by these means, his progress impeded, and, perfectly exhausted and overcome by numbers, he soon became their victim, and, in a short time, few traces of his existence was visible. The carcass of any animal placed in the woods is rendered a perfect skeleton by these insects; and the many stories related of their powers in removing large substances are completely borne out.

‘The termites, or white ant, so destructive in the East Indies, is not less so in South America. The mode used to destroy them is a little singular, that of turning the antipathy of the races to good account. As soon as they are observed, a little sugar is put down, which in a moment summons a tribe of brown or black ants, who instantly attack and destroy the termites, to the great amusement of the blacks who witness the defeat of the white insect. Scarcely any article of food, fruit or flower, can be protected from them.’

The agriculture, manufactures, trade, and produce of Brazil next come under our author's observation. The trade Mr. C. considers as entirely in the hands of the British,

as much so as if an exclusive monopoly existed in our favour. As there seems a sort of mania for disembowelling mother earth of her treasures among our speculators, and mining companies are the order of the day, we shall quote Mr C.'s account of the Brazil mines:—

'The internal trade is very much confined to the products of the district of the mines, and is carried on by means of large troops of mules, some of which, from the western provinces of Goaz and Matto Grosso, are four months on the journey. It is not easy to learn with accuracy the produce of the diamond mines, as they are worked by government, and strictly monopolized: much smuggling consequently prevails. In some years, the quantity discovered by government has amounted to as much as 4000 octavas of eighteen carats, but these are years of rare occurrence: taking the average, however, of some years, the number of octavas would come to near 1200. In this quantity there would be, of course, many of large size, adding immensely to the value. It is calculated that about the same quantity is smuggled; and there are strong reasons to suppose, that if no difficulties were thrown in the way, owing to the facility with which they are obtained, the produce of Brazil diamonds, in every way as fine as the oriental, would have considerable effect on the demand.

'With respect to the quantity of gold which comes from the mines, it is immersed in a certain degree of obscurity. The one-fifth due to government is the principal cause that I never could ascertain, in each mine which I visited, its exact produce. I shall have another opportunity of saying more on this head, and explaining why the produce of the gold mines is on the decrease, which I certainly conceive to be the case. Knowing the amount of the workings at the commencement of the century, and from information I collected in Rio de Janeiro and in the mines, and making allowances for that exaggeration so common in Brazil, and all new countries, I consider the annual value of gold certainly does not exceed £900,000, including the contraband.

'No silver is produced in Brazil. As there is lead, it would be too much to affirm that none exists, but probably the quantity would be trifling. The silver coin is mostly Spanish dollars, restamped into three patack pieces, by which a considerable profit is obtained on each.

'The quantity of precious stones shipped is not now very considerable. In most cases they are sent to a losing market, being, in fact, more valuable in Brazil than in London or Paris. Aqua marines, of very large size, have been found. In January, 1811, one was found in the Riberao das Americanas, near the Diamond District, which weighed fifteen pounds, and in the same place, in the October following, one was discovered weighing four pounds. Topazes, of fine quality, but seldom large, amethysts and crisolites, are also articles of exportation, and, at times, some fine specimens of these gems are to be met with in the jeweller's shops.'

Mr. C. gives a good picture of the state

of society in Brazil, which differs much, according as the individuals are descendants of the first settlers, Portuguese, or a mixture of both:—

'It is on Sundays and on feast days that all the wealth and magnificence of a Brazilian family is exhibited. At an early hour the household prepares for church, and marches, almost without exception, in the following order: first, the master, with cocked hat, white trousers, blue linen jacket, shoes and buckles, and a gold-headed cane; next follows the mistress, in white muslin, with jewels, a large white fan in her hand, white shoes and stockings; flowers ornament the dark hair: then follow the sons and daughters; afterwards a favourite mulatto girl of the lady, with white shoes and stockings, perhaps two or three of the same rank; next, a black mórdomo, or steward, with cocked hat, breeches and buckles; next blacks of both sexes, with shoes and no stockings, and several others without either; and two or three black boys, little incumbered with clothes, bring up the rear.

'Marriages, at least such as I had an opportunity of witnessing, were attended by few. The bride first went into the confessional, and then approached the altar, where the intended husband was waiting for her. Their right hands being then bound firmly together by a gold band, the prayers commenced, and at their termination the hands were loosed and the ceremony was complete. Marriages are formed when the parties are very young, and it is by no means uncommon to meet with mothers not thirteen years old. The climate and the retired habits of the Brazilian women have, early in life, a considerable effect on their appearance. When extremely young, their fine dark eyes and full person make them generally admired, but a few years work a change in their appearance which long continued ill health could scarcely effect in Europe. It may be said, that their youth extends from ten to twenty-five.

'Funerals generally take place at night: the body being conveyed to the church, is exposed to view in full dress, and wearing the most expensive jewels and decorations of the deceased. After the service is performed, the body is removed into the vault, stripped of its richest habits, some pieces of quick lime laid in the coffin, which is then locked, and the nearest relation receives the key. It is then put into a niche in the wall, and the company retires.'

Literature has made little progress in Brazil; and bookselling is so bad a trade, that the stock often literally falls a prey to book-worms. The superstitions of the European Portuguese lose none of their force in Brazil:

'The principal feeling is that which regards evil eyes (*olhado*). When sickness occurs, the first consideration is, not how to obtain relief, but who has been the evil-eyed person that occasioned it. It is a strong expression in the mouth of an angry Brazilian, "I will fix evil eyes on him." This idea may have derived some strength from the indigenous Indians, who have much dealing with feyticeria, witchcraft, and place, in particular, great faith in evil eyes. Not many

years since, the Indians of Marogogippe burnt a young woman alive on the mere suspicion of having set evil eyes on a sick person; and a female relation was obliged to fly on the same accusation. It is, however, satisfactory to think that all evils have a remedy; and in the Rua do Rosario, small hands, made of a black composition called *Maos d'Azebiche*, are sold for the purpose in great numbers. Every Brazilian carries about his person either some preservative of this sort, or some charm which is to render him successful in all his undertakings. My mule-driver, whose charm I examined when he was asleep, and on which it was observed he placed great confidence, had suspended about his neck a small piece of magnetic iron, which was to make him an object of attraction to all fair ladies, and fortunate with them. That witches should exist in Brazil cannot be wondered at, when it is remembered that even in England they have been met with in very modern times.'

Mr. C. might have added, that the belief in witchcraft prevails in this country at the present day, and that to a great extent. Our author calculates the population of Brazil at three millions, and that of Rio de Janeiro at one hundred and thirty-five thousand. The slave-trade, that blot of humanity, flourishes in Brazil:—

'The price of a new slave varies from £25 to £40, according to quality; but a slave possessing the knowledge of any useful trade will sell for £200. On quitting the warehouse, the slaves leave the greatest part of their miseries behind, and, without wishing it to be inferred that they lead an enviable life, nobody can affirm, on seeing them singing and dancing in the streets, that they are wretched and continually pining over their unhappy fate. In many cases they appear to do as they please, and completely rule their indolent masters.

'I have before mentioned that their treatment is far from severe. It does sometimes happen that a slave falls into the hands of a poor man, and, like a horse under similar circumstances in England, must work harder and fare worse; and occasional instances of severity are recorded, but these are rare. The laws affecting them have been much softened down or grown into desuetude. It is now stipulated that they shall not be marked with an iron barimba, but with a silver one, by which it is said much pain is avoided. Neither is it any longer a crime in the Negroes to converse in their native tongues, and the prohibition to carry knives is not now so strictly attended to. The owner has the power of giving a certain number of blows, which, if not thought adequate to the offence, he goes to the judge of the police, states the crime, and obtains an order on the public flogger for a certain number of stripes, for which he pays by the hundred. The Brazilian generally takes the law into his own hands, as being more merciful than sending the offender to the common executioner, who, it is presumed, is more skilled in the art of punishment: and they do not hesitate to consider the foreigner who resorts to this latter mode as more cruel than themselves.'

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The Brazilians have a very curious idea as to the origin of the black race :—

'At the time, say they, of the creation of Adam, Satan looked on and formed a man of clay, but every thing he touched becoming black, he determined to wash him white in the Jordan: on his approach the river retired, and he had only time to push the black man on the wet sand, which, touching the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands, accounts for the whiteness of these parts. The devil, in a state of irritation, struck his creation on the nose, by which the flatness of that organ was accomplished. The Negro then begged for mercy, and humbly represented that no blame could be attached to him, upon which the other, something pacified, patted him on the head, and, by the heat of his hands, curled his hair in the way it is seen at the present day.'

The annual revenue of Brazil is estimated by Mr. Caldeleugh at two millions and a half sterling; the view he gives of the political state of the country we pass over for the present, nor shall we enter into an analysis of his account of Chile and Buenos Ayres, but quote some further account of the mines of South America. Of Chili, he says :—

'Streams abounding in gold wander through the most luxuriant corn-fields, and the farmer and the miner hold converse together on their banks.

'By far the largest proportion of the gold found in Chile, where it is much more abundant than silver, is procured by means of washing the beds of rivers. It is of a very pure quality; but I met with it in no instance crystallized, but in large flattened grains of a peculiarly bright colour. From this circumstance I should be led to conclude that its matrix had been originally some metallic substance, probably the sulphuret of iron. In confirmation of this it may be stated that not unfrequently beds of gold of several inches thick are fallen in with, which certainly have never been disturbed, for the angles are sharp, and could, therefore, have only been left by some decomposed substance. Some of these beds have produced extraordinary quantities of metal; and if agriculture were more extended, they would be met with more frequently.

'The only gold mine I visited, which properly deserves the name of mine, was on the road to Valparaiso; it existed in a gangue of iron pyrites, but was neither rich nor extensively worked. The auriferous iron pyrites of Chile are found isolated and finely crystallized. At Coquimbo gold is found in a matrix of carbonate of copper.

'The silver mines are of much less importance, and are chiefly confined to that part of the country which borders on the Cordillera. The process of amalgamation in use has been before described. All the ores, whatever they may be, are purified in the same manner. Many of them, pure sulphuret of silver, containing 80 per cent of metal, might be more advantageously deprived of the sulphur, by simply roasting with a moderate heat, than by the expensive process of amalgamation. The muriates and some other ores could not, of course, be sub-

jected to the process, without the addition of an alkali. It is painful to think what a large proportion of the riches of the New World has been lost by the ignorance of the discoverers.

'The silver mines of the Chilean Cordillera are almost entirely worked in veins running through a clay-slate, very similar to that in which the celebrated mine of Potosi exists. Those mines which are situated near the Pacific, such as Huasco and some others, are worked (as I am informed) through a mountain lime-stone. Huasco produces extraordinary rich hand specimens of native silver, with the muriate and carbonate of lime (*metastatique*). The two metals, lead and silver, do not appear so much united in this country as in others.

'It is a well-known fact that none of the South American mines produce, at the present day, that vast quantity of metal which they used to do in former times. When first discovered the metal was in great abundance, and within a few feet of, and in some instances on, the surface of the earth. All this has been removed, and the great excavations subsequently made have become full of water, from which the proprietors have not a sufficiency of capital to clear them. From this cause many of the mines which yielded a large proportion of silver have become entirely unproductive and closed up. The chief falling off, therefore, has been owing to a deficiency of capital, which the revolution has naturally much aggravated; for the chief capitalists were old Spaniards, who, instead of investing their funds in speculations of this sort, were rather calculating how to withdraw and conceal them. These circumstances, which have been perhaps more apparent in Peru and Mexico than Chile, have nevertheless been felt in the latter country. Molina states that the value of the gold and silver raised in his time (1780) was not under four millions, exclusive of what was smuggled.

'In 1821, the produce of the mines, including an allowance for contraband, according to D. Manuel de Salas, did not exceed a million and a half of dollars—showing a great deficiency, but one easily accounted for by the reasons above stated, together with the unsettled state of the country.

'It seems to me that the first thing to be done, instead of making fresh excavations, is to supply proper machinery to clear the old mines of water. In many situations this would be exceedingly expensive, whether undertaken by means of an adit or by the steam-engine: in using the latter much difficulty would be experienced on the subject of fuel, for it is scarce in the mountainous parts, where the ore exists; and the expense of bringing coal from Concepcion would be heavy. Could this be overcome, and there is no doubt it might, the mines worked in galleries, and the practical experience of the old workmen, as to the direction of the veins, properly attended to, the produce would be enormous. On the last point I could not ascertain that the veins ran more in one direction than another, or that it was possible to lay down any rule on the subject. If Chile were to become so settled in its government

as to afford perfect security of property, the application of capital to the mines would return a large profit. The quantity of metal still remaining in the Andes must be stupendous; but there is this to be considered, that if all the mines were properly worked, it is more than probable that silver would fall in Europe to a very low price.

'The taxes paid to government on the precious metals being moderate, about 8 per cent., it is supposed that little contraband is carried on.'

The following is Mr. Caldeleugh's description of Lima :—

'The streets of Lima are all built at right angles; they are formed of small rounded stones washed down from the mountains, which are extremely fatiguing to the feet; all those in the direction of east and west have a small stream of water running down them, and the Rimac, a mountain torrent, which flows to the sea, passes through a part of the town. The suburb on the other side of the river, to which a bridge crosses, *abajo de la puente*, is inhabited by the less respectable part of the community.

'The *plaza*, or great square, which is said to be five hundred feet above the Pacific, is built on two sides with shops and stalls. The cabildo occupies another side, a building very much in the Chinese style, and in front of it the cathedral, a very handsome pile. The riches which have been lavished at various times upon the interior of this edifice are scarcely to be credited anywhere but in a city which once paved a street with ingots of silver to do honour to a new viceroy. The balustrades surrounding the great altar, and the pipes of the organ, were of silver. It may be mentioned, as a proof of the abundance of silver ornaments, that three weeks prior to my arrival a ton and a half of silver was taken from the various churches, without being missed, to meet the exigencies of the state. The church of San Pedro is remarkable for its architecture, and the small church built by Pizarro, which has never been totally ruined by the earthquakes, and which is situated *abajo de la puente*, is visited by all strangers. The monastic establishments in Lima are very numerous, and of singular extent and splendour. The convent of the Franciscans, which it is calculated covers an eighth part of the whole city, forms a small town within itself. The usual number of its inmates is 160. The other public buildings worthy of notice are the palace of the archbishop, the mint, the palace of the inquisition, when it existed in Peru, and a noble establishment for retired secular clergymen, adjoining the church of San Pedro. The former college of the Jesuits is converted into a foundling hospital. The bridge over the Rimac has nothing to recommend it; but on the right bank of the river, the late Viceroy Amat laid out large sums in forming a public walk, called the Paseo d'Agua; at the termination of it the bull-ring is seen. Another object which strangers are directed to visit is the Pantheon, but in my opinion it is taking a long walk for little gratification. It is the burial-place of a part of the city, and is surrounded and divided by walls with niches for

the reception of the dead. The funeral service is performed in the church which adjoins. Many years ago a municipal regulation was published to prevent the towers of the churches being constructed of any other materials than wood and painted canvass. This was in order to obviate the horrors which occurred during earthquakes, owing to the population flying thither; but latterly they have been built of clay, which in time takes the hardness of stone.

For the same reason the houses have rarely an upper story; but when they have, an overhanging wooden balcony is attached to the windows: they are all constructed of unburnt bricks, with a court and garden in the rear. The walls of the court and gateway are covered with fresco paintings; and when there is a dead wall in front of the house of any respectable person, it is decorated in the same way. The rooms are gaudily adorned with gold and silver, and the floors are generally tiled; an estrada, or long narrow sofa, fills up one side, and a piece of carpet covers the portion of the room. The roofs of all the houses are perfectly flat, and, as it never rains, they are merely composed of lath and plaster.

(To be continued.)

The Fingerpost; or Direct Road from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End: being a Discussion of the Railway Question. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1825. Cole.

To the merits of railways, as opposed to canals, we have never given that serious attention which, as a source of national utility, the subject demanded; but we have very seldom read so lively, clever, and pleasant a work on any subject as the one before us. The *Fingerpost*, in a preface full of point and wit, professes to derive its name from the facetiae, in a late number of the *Times*, denominated 'Literary Facilities,' the whole of which it quotes. On leaving this to enter on the subject in good earnest, as a matter of argument, we were most agreeably surprised to find the author proceed with all the graceful rapidity of the railway he recommends, and the smoothness of the canal he desires to supersede. The closeness of his arguments, which sometimes rise even to the eloquence and brevity of Bacon, the wide circle he embraces in his views, and the agreeable diversity he has given a subject apparently little capable of it, together with the felicity of his language, which unites the terseness of the scholar, the eloquence of the gentleman, and the freshness of a new and unhacknied writer, spread over the whole pamphlet an unusual charm.

As we cannot give a quotation from the body of the work which would convey any idea of the system of argument pursued, we shall content ourselves with offering the beginning of its introduction, fully persuaded that it only requires to be read, in order to insure it the attention due to the subject, and the admiration due to the author, whoever he may be. The world has long been told that a poem may be written on a broomstick, and

what we subjoin is a half-poetical character of a fingerpost:—

'To those bewildered travellers, who, in the course of their journey, are unfortunate enough to meet with a perplexing variety of roads, and, dubious which to choose, are enduring all the miseries of indecision and suspense, it would be difficult to introduce a kinder or more welcome friend than an humble unpretending fingerpost. Yet, plain and unassuming as such a friend may be, he is found to possess qualities of so sterling a nature, as can never fail to be justly appreciated in all cases of trial and emergency. Few, indeed, I should hope, would be disposed to question his character for truth and simplicity; and fewer still can there be to doubt his upright firmness, his candour, and the measured correctness of his speech. He stands "the friend indeed" to each lost wanderer on his way, and in no instance was he known to ask a return for his services. Steady, independent, unbending, and disinterested, he fills his station with uncompromising integrity—a foe to duplicity and concealment, he is at once open, intelligible, and unreserved.—Formal, stiff, or even monotonous, as may be his style and manner, his words are at once lofty and laconic, and invariably speak to the point.—Not veering about with weathercock inconstancy, but standing to his post with signal patience and unremitting perseverance. Unassailable to a bribe, unused to tergiversation, he gives his gratuitous services to his countrymen with uniform benevolence and undeviating impartiality. Neither low nor mercenary, neither treacherous nor underhanded, he exhibits a high example of a public functionary, firm and faithful to his trust, whose authority should be looked up to, and whose direction should be followed.'

The whole preface is amusing, and displays much humour. As to the question of railways, the author advocates them ably and ardently; and if they are so beneficial as he states, and we see no reason to doubt it, we hope no selfish and interested motives—no narrow policy, will be suffered to prevent their adoption wherever they are wanted.

Highways and Byways; or, Tales of the Road-side: picked up in the French Provinces. By A WALKING GENTLEMAN. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Colburn. SHERIDAN is universally allowed to have possessed an excellent knowledge of the world, and his classification of puffing, in the *Critic*, has long been considered as perfect. The world, however, improves in cunning, as in age; and, could Richard Brinsley start from his grave, he would find that his puffing nomenclature was very inadequate to describe the various species of the art resorted to in London, where many a bibliopole spends more money in puffing the works he publishes than he does in paper and printing.

A good name, in man or woman, Shakspeare tells us, is the immediate jewel of their souls: it might have been so in his day, but now a good name in an author is the immediate jewel, not of his own soul, but of his bookseller's. No one knows this better than

the publisher of the volumes before us, who finding not only that the first series of *Highways and Byways* sold well, but that the author's name was Grattan, pounced on him, and, by the puff oblique, intimated, on the forthcoming of a second series, that he was a relation of the Irish orator of that name. Had this been the case, it would have had little influence with us, who review books, not authors; besides, much as we might have admired Mr. Grattan, as a senator, and his early patriotism, we could not forget a sad aberration he made on the conclusion of the late war, when he delivered a speech on the subject of France and its ruler, perfectly at variance with all that he had said in Parliament for twenty years previous.

But, leaving Mr. Grattan, the late Irish orator, for the work of a namesake (but no relation), we turn to *Highways and Byways*. When the first series of this work appeared, we stated that it was an indifferent imitation of Washington Irving;—the second is, however, much inferior: and although the author professes to have traversed the French provinces, in order to pick up tales by the way-side, yet we suspect he has rarely proceeded further than Boulogne.

The second series of *Highways* contains three tales,—*Caribert, the Bear Hunter*; *The Priest and the Garde du Corps*; and *The Vouée au Blanc*. The first is a strange, incoherent, and rambling story, the scene of which is laid in the Pyrennees. A bear-hunter, a romantic innkeeper's daughter attached to him, the author's dog Ranger, and Caribert's favourite bitch, are the most prominent characters in this rambling story. Our friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, would, we dare say, give it a reading, though he would find both Ranger and Fanchette far inferior, in point of intelligence, to his own Sirrah; and their adventures much inferior in interest to those of honest Sirrah in the *Flesh Cleuch*.

Mawkish sentiment and a stilted and extravagant style are the faults of Mr. Grattan; besides, his tales out-herod Herod in improbability. We see Caribert, a rough ferocious mountaineer, whose superior strength and contempt of danger made him a prodigy, pictured as a man of delicate sentiment and fine feeling. We find the whole bear-hunting family *raining tears*, and howling as at an Irish wake (which the author seems to have had in his eye), because their dog had got its legs broken by a bear; and there is such a scene of mock sentimentality thrown over the adventure, as renders it superlatively ludicrous. We will just introduce one scene, in which Caribert, his father, and the wounded Fanchette figure. We must premise that the father has been wounded in his arm, but threatens to fell Caribert to the earth with it, if he is insolent to his mother, though the poor bear-hunter had only asked her for an explanation how his dad had been injured. Caribert then looks to Fanchette as the safest mode:—

"Aye, you may well look at her, and never hold up your head again," said the old man to Caribert, but less harshly than before; "see how she wags her tail, and wants to lick your hand! Poor thing!"

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Caribert was about to raise her up, when the old man roared out, in the fiercest tone, "What are you going to do? Don't touch her!" and then, as if all at once melted by the misfortune he was about to announce, he turned aside his head, and sobbed out, in smothered accents, "Let her alone, both her hind legs are broken."

"Oh, Heaven! is it possible?" exclaimed Caribert, throwing himself on his knees beside the poor animal, and leaning forwards his face, which she licked with her hot and feverish tongue, as if the rain of tears that flowed from his eyes had brought relief and refreshment to her pain.

"My poor dear Fanchette!" continued he. "Why was not I with you [this was not Fanchette's fault] when this happened? Oh! if you could but speak, *you would not leave me thus cruelly*, without the miserable satisfaction of knowing how all this came about."

Here poor Fanchette howled piteously, as if condoling with the kind and sorrowful tone of her young master. The tender-hearted mother joined her loud sobs to the lamenting tone. Old Larcole turned round towards them, and, seeing the evident sufferings of Caribert, he gave him his hand, and exclaimed,—"Well, well, my boy, hold up. This is too much [who doubts it?]; there's no help now, and crying like children does no good to broken bones." He here wiped his eyes with the cuff of his knitted flannel waistcoat, and rose up. He gave a turn or two up and down the room, hemmed and coughed, and opened his shirt-collar, as if he wanted air, struck his chest two or three times with his open hand [how considerate!], and spoke as follows:—

"Stand up, Caribert,—be a man! I'll tell you how it happened: though, after all, there's no time for delaying now."

If our readers do not, by this time, 'rain tears,' we despair of inspiring them with half the feeling of Fanchette and her bear-hunting masters. It is, however, not a little remarkable that this sentimental young gentleman, M. Caribert, who rains tears for his wounded dog, afterwards sees his own father killed by a bear without any effort to save him. But we think we hear our readers say we will bear no more.

The second story, *The Priest and the Garde du Corps*, contains the adventures of a 'neat Irishman,' who, having once seen Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of France, determines on performing all impossibilities to serve her; and, of course, gets himself into scrapes. Some of the incidents may find a parallel in the events of the French revolution, but most of them could only have originated with a gentleman of so romantic an imagination as the roadster of Highways and Byways. A few of the characters, particularly the Irishman's and the priest's, are, however, well drawn.

The third story is the most interesting, and perhaps the least improbable in the three volumes; but none of the tales are calculated to add to the reputation of Mr Grattan, or to increase the literary treasures of the year 1825.

The South-Sea Bubble, and the numerous Fraudulent Projects to which it gave Rise in 1720, historically detailed as a Beacon to the Unwary against Modern Schemes (enumerated in an Appendix), equally Visionary and nefarious. 12mo. pp. 143. London, 1825. Boys.

THE history of the South-Sea Bubble and Law's famous Mississippi scheme would form admirable subjects for history, novel, or drama; they are indeed so fertile in interesting anecdote, that we wonder how any man could have made so dull a book of the former subject as the one now before us. The *doer*, for we will neither call him author nor editor, appears to be totally unacquainted with the real origin and nature of the South-Sea scheme, and has confusedly jumbled together a few statements, which God knows where he picked up. To these he has added an account of the bubbles of 1719 and 1720, from Anderson's History of Commerce, and a list of the present projects, from The Examiner. After concluding what he (the *doer*) calls the serious part of his narrative, he gives us 'a few of the pasquinades (as he terms them) circulated upon the occasion.' Johnson, we believe, calls a pasquinade a lampoon, and so it is, or should be, for its designation is local and peculiar to Rome. Dryden denominates a lampoon 'censure written, not to reform, but vex.' According to this definition, any person would acquit the 'pasquinades' quoted in this work, for more dull and insipid things we never met with. To convince the publisher, however, how much respect we bear him, and to show to how much better a source the author might have gone, we shall quote, not from his South-Sea Bubble, but from another work, *The Percy Histories*, in which we believe Mr. Boys has a greater interest, an account of the South-Sea Company and the bubbles to which it gave rise:—

'*South-Sea Company—Bubbles.*—The South-Sea Company is one of the most inert trading corporations in the metropolis, and remains torpid while all around it is life and animation. It was established by act of Parliament, in the year 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain, trading to the South Seas and other parts of America, and for encouraging the Fishery." But although it thus appeared a commercial body, yet its operations were principally financial, and have long been wholly so. It had its origin in the arrears due to the army and navy, which exceeded nine millions; this the South-Sea Company agreed to pay off, and advancing an additional sum of upwards of £800,000, which made the whole loan to Government ten millions;—credit was given to that amount, and the interest fixed at £600,000 a-year.

As this measure had been executed with success, and the South-Sea stock had advanced above par, the directors made a proposal to government, which, under more favourable circumstances, might have proved equally beneficial, since the plan has been partially acted upon by the present ministers in the reduction of the four per cent. stock.

The plan of the directors of the South-Sea Company was, to be allowed to purchase, at different periods, the whole of the funded debts of the crown, and, by reducing the rate of interest, to render the capital more easily redeemable. The debts thus agreed to be purchased amounted to £31,664,551. 1s. 1½d. For the privilege of adding this to their capital stock, and for some exclusive advantages to be gained by a treaty with Spain, the directors agreed to advance to government £7,723,809. So immense a sacrifice for a benefit that under any circumstances did not seem to warrant it, had, however, a very contrary effect to what might have been expected. The directors had calculated on gaining one per cent. by receiving five per cent. on the capital from government, and paying only four per cent. to the fundholders: they further anticipated, that the new stock would bear a high premium; and so indeed it did, for no sooner had Parliament passed an act, empowering the directors to raise the money necessary for so great an undertaking, than the company's stock began rapidly to advance. The act authorised the directors "to open books of subscription, and grant annuities to such public creditors as were willing to exchange the security of the crown for that of the South-Sea Company, with the advantage of sharing in the emoluments that might arise from their commerce."

The public, not then so familiar with a national debt as they have since become, had seen, that while the debts due to the army and navy rested with the government, the seamen's tickets, a substitute for money, were sold at a loss of forty or fifty per cent.: they had also seen, that no sooner had the South-Sea Company guaranteed those debts than they were liquidated; and they felt the utmost confidence in the plan,—so much so, that before the bill received the royal assent South-Sea stock had risen to above three hundred per cent.

The promoters of the scheme are said to have exaggerated the profits; rumours were at the same time circulated that the company, by monopolizing the whole of the national funds, would reduce government to the necessity of taking loans from them on their own terms, and that by their wealth they would possess such influence in Parliament as to be able to depose ministers when they pleased, and remodel the government at their own pleasure. The public, intoxicated with these ideas, purchased with avidity; and the stock, which, at Christmas, 1719, was only one hundred and twenty-six, rose at the opening of the first subscription, on the 14th of April, to above £326: thus the creditors of the nation made over a debt of £100 for thirty-three and one-third in South-Sea stock. As the frenzy spread, and the desire of making rapid fortunes became contagious, the stock successively rose to above one thousand per cent., at which price the books were opened for the fourth subscription, on the 24th of August; and this subscription, notwithstanding the market price of the established stock was eight hundred, was sold the same day at a premium of thirty or forty per cent.

Although this excessively rapid rise was excited by various exaggerated statements of imaginary advantages—of valuable acquisitions in the South Seas, and hidden treasures to be found by the adventurers, yet the public did not altogether go unwarned of the futility of their hopes; and a ballad written on the subject thus alludes to the Utopian dreams of the speculators:—

“What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.
Our South-Sea ships have golden shrouds—
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted;
But lodge their treasures in the clouds,
To hide it till 'tis wanted.”

Whether the directors had deliberately planned the delusion on the public, or only profited by it when they saw the opportunity, there is no doubt that they resorted to desperate means to keep it up, nor had the bubble burst when it did, but that their cupidity, like “vaulting ambition,” overleaped itself. The South-Sea schemes had become so contagious, that the whole nation was infected, and became a body of stock-jobbers and projectors. Every day produced some project; and whether it was for “fattening hogs,” “importing asses from Spain, in order to improve the breed of mules,” “raising silkworms,” “insuring masters from the loss sustained by servants,” “rendering quicksilver malleable,” or “fishing for wrecks on the Irish coasts” (and these are but a few out of two hundred projects equally ridiculous), subscriptions were soon raised, and the stock sold at a premium.

Fortunately for the nation, the South-Sea directors took the alarm, and these delusive projects received their first check from the power to which they owed their birth. Jealous of their success, and desirous to monopolize all the money of the speculators, the directors obtained writs of *scire facias* against the conductors of bubbles, and thus put an end to them. But in thus opening the eyes of the deluded multitude, they took away the main prop of their own tottering edifice—the bubble burst,—South-Sea stock fell as rapidly as ever it rose, and in a few weeks sunk from one thousand one hundred and ten, which it had reached, to one hundred and thirty-five. The distress occasioned by such fluctuations was dreadful: government was compelled to interfere, and the public voice called loudly for redress from the directors. An investigation was instituted in Parliament, and the conduct of the directors being condemned, a considerable portion of their estates was confiscated, to the amount of £2,014,000. The property confiscated belonging to each of the directors varied from £68,000 to £233,000, and to each was allowed for subsistence a sum varying from £5000 to £50,000, according to their supposed delinquency.

Numerous are the anecdotes connected with this fatal speculation. The story of the poor maniac “Tom of Ten Thousand,” who lost his whole fortune and his reason too by the South-Sea scheme, is well known, as is that of Eustace Budgell. Others, though

less melancholy, are worth recording. A tradesman, at Bath, who had invested his only remaining fortune in this stock, finding it had fallen from one thousand to nine hundred, left Bath with an intention to sell out. On reaching town, it had fallen to two hundred and fifty; he thought the price too low, would not sell, and lost his all. The Duke of Chandos, who had £300,000 in this stock, was advised by the Duke of Newcastle to sell all, or at least a part; but he anticipated it would bring him half a million: he delayed, and lost every shilling. Gay, the poet, had £1000 stock given him by the elder Scraggs, postmaster-general, which, added to the stock he had previously purchased, amounted to £20,000. He consulted his friends: and Dr. Arbuthnot advised him to sell out, but he hesitated, and lost every shilling. Others were, however, more fortunate. The guardians of Sir Gregory Page Turner, then a minor, had purchased stock for him very low, and sold it out when it had reached its maximum, to the amount of £20,000. With this sum Sir Gregory built his fine mansion on Blackheath, and purchased three hundred acres of land for a park. Two maiden sisters, whose stock had accumulated to £90,000, sold out when the South-Sea stock was at nine hundred and seventy. The broker whom they employed advised them to re-invest their money in navy bills, which were at the time at a discount of twenty-five per cent.; they took his advice, and two years afterwards received their money at par.

Thousands of persons were, however, totally ruined by this speculation, which occasioned a dreadful panic in the country, and, had it not been for the prudent conduct of Walpole, might have been productive of the most fatal consequences.

That some of the projects at present on foot may not pay, we think extremely probable; but the worst of them is too rational to be compared with those of 1720, or to be denominated a bubble.

Sonnets, and other Poems. By D. L. RICHARDSON. 12mo. pp. 151. London, 1824. Underwoods.

WE confess we are not very partial to sonnets: the idea of limiting the course of Pegasus, like that of a race-horse to a two-mile heat, is ridiculous; and we should as soon think of writing all our reviews of equal length, whatever may be their subject, as of writing some score poems of precisely fourteen lines each, neither more nor less. And yet there are persons who, under such restraints, produce some very charming things, and among those we hesitate not to class Mr. Richardson; several of his sonnets, as well as his other poems, are highly poetical, and breathe of nature and good feeling. Three of the sonnets we subjoin as specimens:—

‘SONNET. WRITTEN IN INDIA.

‘The storm hath ceased,—but yet the dark clouds lower,
And shroud the rising sun! The distant hill
Lies hid in mist,—the far descending rill
Rolls darkly through the valley,—this lone tower

Frowns drearily above the withered bower,
Where sits the drooping Minah, voiceless still.—
Yon blasted tree the gazer's breast doth fill
With awful sense of majesty and power!—
The mighty spirit of the midnight storm
Passed where for ages rose the green-wood's
pride,
And what availed its glory? Its proud form,
Cast on the groaning earth, but serves to hide
The serpent's dwelling; and decay's dull worm
Soon in its mouldering bosom shall abide!”

‘SONNET.

‘How beautiful the scene! The lord of day
No longer wears the countenance of pride
That seared fair nature's bloom! A veil doth
hide
The lustre of his brow; his parting ray,
Dim as the lover's smile that melts away
Through farewell tears, is fading tenderly!
And clouds of golden gleam and rosy dye
(His gorgeous robes), are turning into gray.—
Now, like a sad sweet dream, whose shadow
steals
O'er the rapt soul in visionary hours,
Meek twilight comes! From zephyr-haunted
bowers
Arise the feathered minstrel's evening peals,
Blent with the far wave's murmur, and the
songs
Of village maids, that Echo's voice prolongs!”

‘SONNET. TO HEALTH.

‘Oh! I have sought thee over hill and plain,
In life's bright morn, with temperance my
guide,
And youth and laughing pleasure at my side,
Beloved Hygeia! And not all in vain
I wandered then o'er nature's sweet domain,
For we have met where timid dryads hide,
And where proud rivers in their glory glide
Beneath the summer sun. But Care and Pain
Have bound me now with adamant chain:
Dark thoughts, and images of death, deride
Hope's tender smile, and mock the passions'
pride;—
And, oh! no more (malignant fates ordain)
These languid limbs the cheerful haunts shall
gain
Where thou and rural happiness abide!”

A Revision and Explanation of the Geographical and Hydrographical Terms, and those of a Nautical Character relating thereto; with Descriptions of Winds, Storms, Clouds, Changes which take place in the Atmosphere, &c. By JOHN EVANS, Lieutenant R. N. 12mo. pp. 179. Bristol. Philip Rose.

THIS clever little work we recommend to all his Majesty's liege subjects who ever touched salt water, from the admiral of the fleet to the humble citizen who takes an annual trip from town to Margate. The inaccuracy of nautical terms and definitions has long been complained of, not only by naval men, but by all who have had occasion to notice the subject; they have also so frequently been erroneously applied by voyagers and travellers, as to render their works often incorrect, and not unfrequently confused and unintelligible. To remedy this deficiency is the object of Lieutenant Evans's work, and he appears to have spared no pains to render it complete. He has not confined himself to mere definitions of terms, but has given such illustrations as render those terms not only clear but interesting. There are also eight lithogra-

phic plates, and numerous hydrographical figures on wood.

Our readers may perhaps think this a mere dry and technical work: this, we assure them, is by no means the case, as we shall show by a few extracts:—

CLIFFS MARITIME.

‘Clivus, *Lat. Clif, Clief, Saron*—Johnson, *κλίπυς, Gr. Littleton,*

‘Are known familiarly to be the abrupt termination of the land at the margin of the sea.

‘Some of the cliffs form precipices of great height, which rise immediately from the water; whilst others are accessible by means of the protuberances or irregularities of their vertical surfaces; and there are many which form inclined planes, by the gradual crumbling of the looser particles of their composition, and these in time become points. This “degradation” of the land, according to geologists, forms a particular feature in the gradual changes which portions of the earth are continually undergoing. It has been observed, that the sea encroaches upon those coasts that are high; and that, on the contrary, a level sea-shore generally increases, especially in the vicinity of large rivers.

‘One of the most celebrated maritime cliffs, called *Il Salto (Saltus Crapreorum)*, is in the Island of Capri, near Naples; it is 700 feet above the sea. Here the tyrant Tiberius exercised his cruelty by obliging those he condemned to jump from this precipice into the sea, in his presence!

‘The following lines portray a very lively picture of one of the great perils attendant on a maritime life, and are applicable to our subject:—

“So the wreck’d sailor, from the tow’ring steep
Of some huge cliff, that frowns above the deep,
Pale with despair, and heaving many a sigh,
Wide o’er the waste of waters rolls his eye!
But ah! though hush’d the waves and fair the gales,

No pitying vessel speals her welcome sails;
Nor though the billows seem to chide his stay,
And in soft murmurs bid him haste away.”

“On several of those stupendous cliffs,” says an officer, “which border the north coast of the Great Bermuda, the natives have fixed ladders obliquely from their brows, over the deep below, for the purpose of fishing with the hook and line. Perhaps none but an islander could remain stretched at full length upon one of these precarious projections, for hours together, as they are accustomed to do, without becoming giddy and falling into the gulf beneath them. To a stranger they have a very singular appearance, and I was a long time puzzled to find out for what use they were intended.”—*MS. Notes on the Bermudas.*

WHIRLPOOL.

‘Hwyrf pole, *Saron*—Johnson, Hwyrf and pul, *Saron*—Bailey,

‘Is a vortex in the sea or in a river.

‘Those of the greatest magnitude and danger are caused, either by the peculiar conformation of the coast which the currents and tides act upon, or by the particular disposition of the rocks beneath the surface of the sea. Those which are less so are occa-

sioned by the revolving of the water in a rapid tide’s way, or in the stream of a river.

‘Charybdis, on the coast of Sicily, has been long celebrated as a vortex; at a certain state of the current it may be passed in safety by boats.

‘That, however, which is most noted and dreaded, from its magnitude and power, is the Malstrom, situated on the coast of Norway: Von Buche gives the following description of this wonderful whirlpool.

‘Malström is peculiarly dangerous and terrible to look at when the N.W. wind blows in opposition to the ebbing. We then see waves struggling against waves, which draw down fish and boats that approach them, to the bottom of the abyss. We hear the dashing and roaring of the waves for many miles out at sea; but in summer these violent winds do not prevail, and the stream is then little dreaded, and does not prevent the navigation of the inhabitants of Varöe and Moskenöe. The desire to see here something extraordinary and great is therefore generally disappointed, for travellers for the sake of travelling venture up Norway in summer only, and seldom in winter.” “Moskenstrom is not in general in that fame in the north which, from several descriptions, we might be led to expect. This is, in a great measure, owing to the exaggeration of strangers, who would have gladly wished to give rise to the belief of the existence here of some peculiar and unknown natural phenomenon.”

“Saltenstion, at the outlet of the Saltenfjord, and but a few miles from Bodoë, is much more dreaded by the inhabitants. Here also ebbings and flowings are compressed between islands, the water turns round in large and powerful whirlpools, and drags down the boats which approach too near, to the bottom. The unfortunate fishermen then attempt to cling fast to the boat; and it has happened more than once that the whirlpool has thrown out the boat and fishermen at a considerable distance from the place where they were drawn down; but more frequently they never appear again.”

WATER-SPOUT.

‘Is an aqueous meteor, occasioned by the action of a whirlwind upon the surface of the sea.

‘The air, revolving, rapidly sucks the water up, and the fluid thus attracted is received by the low and dense clouds, always attendant on such occasions, through a trumpet-shaped spout, that moves with, and seems to be guided by, the motion of the particular cloud to which it is attached:—

“Tall Ida’s summit now more distant grew,
And Jove’s high hill was rising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.

The swift volution and the enormous train
Let sages vers’d in nature’s lore explain!”

Shipwreck, CANTO II.

‘During the continuance of calm weather, if many of these spouts surround a vessel,

her situation becomes one of much anxiety, and sometimes even of danger; but they are generally dispersed by the concussion of air which the report of a cannon occasions:—

“The nitre fir’d; and, while the dreadful sound,

Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The wat’ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!”

Shipwreck, CANTO II.

‘Doubts have been started as to the certainty of the water being drawn upwards, but the general opinion is consonant with the latter idea. Dr. Perkins, an American philosopher, considers that the water in the spout descends from the clouds, and is not drawn up from the sea, as the generality of observers imagine. He has argued at some length to prove his opinion correct, and gives testimonies from the observations of several masters of American ships in corroboration. His remarks, however, are too lengthy to be inserted here, but we subjoin his closing observation: “I conclude with one short remark, viz. that to believe that the water ascends in these bodies, to the region of the clouds, is virtually to admit of a real and essential miracle, without sufficient proof, and contrary to every idea we can form of a divinely wise intention.”

‘Our celebrated circumnavigator, on the 17th of May, 1773, observed no less than six water-spouts at the same time, off the coast of New Zealand; his account being interesting, we here present it to our readers:—

“Four rose and spent themselves between us and the land; that is to the S.W. of us; the fifth was without us; the sixth first appeared in the S.W. at the distance of two or three miles from us. Its progressive motion was to the N.E. not in a straight, but a crooked line; and passed within fifty yards of our stern, without our feeling any of its effects. The diameter of the base of this spout, I judged to be about fifty or sixty feet; that is, the sea within this space was much agitated, and foamed up to a great height. From this a tube, or round body, was formed, by which the water, or air, or both, was carried in a spiral stream up to the clouds. Some of our people said they saw a bird in the one near us, which was whirled round like the fly of a jack, as it was carried upwards.”

“Some of these spouts appeared at times to be stationary, and at other times to have a quick but very unequal motion, and always in a crooked line, sometimes one way and sometimes another, so that once or twice we observed them to cross one another. From the ascending motion of the bird, and several other circumstances, it was very plain to us that these spouts were caused by whirlwinds, and that the water in them was violently hurried upwards, and did not descend from the clouds, as I have heard some assert.

‘The first appearance of them is the violent agitation and rising up of the water; and presently after you see a round column or tube forming from the clouds above, which apparently descends till it joins the agitated water below. I say apparently, because I believe it not to be so in reality, but that the tube is already formed from the agitated

water below, and ascends, though at first it is either too small or too thin to be seen.

'When the tube is formed, or becomes visible, its apparent diameter increases till it is pretty large; after that it decreaseth: and at last it breaks or becomes invisible towards the lower part. Soon after, the sea below resumes its natural state, and the tube is drawn, by little and little, up to the clouds, where it is dissipated. The same tube would sometimes have a vertical, and sometimes a crooked or inclined direction.'

An Appeal for Ireland, in a Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1825. Allmans.

This pamphlet is evidently written by an Irishman; it has all that florid diction and extravagance of metaphor which distinguish the Irish school. Divesting his harangue of its meretricious ornaments, we find that the author recommends the encouragement of industry, and what, no doubt, would be an excellent thing, if attainable—the reconciliation of the two factions. Had he pointed out how that could be done, we are sure Mr. Canning would have thanked him.

Odd Moments; or, Time Beguiled. 12mo. pp. 290. London, 1825. Boys.

An author may be allowed to speak from his own experience; but, although his *Odd Moments* may beguile his own time, it is not quite so certain it will be equally successful with his readers. Happy the man—'Whose own example strengthens all his laws, And is himself the very thing he draws;' yet happier he who hits the taste of the public: whether the author of *Odd Moments* will do so or not seems doubtful.

The tales, four in number, are entitled *The Sisters: Louisa; Agatha, or Contrition; and More Truth than Fiction.* They are avowedly an imitation of *The May you Like it*, but inferior; and yet they are by no means destitute of merit, or wanting in interest,—but they are too wiredrawn, and the substance of the whole four tales might have been well afforded for six pence instead of six shillings.

The Writer's Clerk; or, the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1120. London, 1825. Whittaker.

We confess we did not think the profession of a writer's clerk sufficiently important to occupy three volumes, even as a tale of fiction; but indeed what subject is there on which a novel may not, and has not, been written? Mr. Galt made an attorney's clerk the hero of one of his tales, and led him through many interesting, though we confess somewhat improbable adventures;—why then shall not a writer's clerk be immortalized? We cannot, however, congratulate our author in having been very successful in the formation or conducting of his story; but yet there are some good scenes in it, particularly those exhibiting the 'humours of the Scottish metropolis,' which are well hit off; and the 'Writer's Clerk' is entitled to a place in every circulating library, where he is likely to be pretty often disturbed.

A Selection of French Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by W. EAVESTAFF; and *English Words,* by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq. Eavestaff.

THIS is the first number of a new work, intended to be confined to six numbers, published every alternate month. It contains three French airs, one of which is also harmonized for three voices. The melodies, which are purely French, are well selected; and the symphonies and accompaniments are in accordance with the spirit and character of the respective airs: the same may be said of the songs, which are original (not translated), and are well adapted to the ease and simplicity of the music. Mr. Bellamy, who has had the last task, very modestly speaks of his own share in the work, in a short and neat advertisement.

The Siege of Dumbarton Castle; and other Poems. By WILLIAM à BECKET, JUN. Student of Lincoln's Inn. 12mo. pp. 84. London, 1824. Chapple.

WE do not know whether Mr. à Becket may be descended from the haughty priest of that name, nor is it to our purpose to inquire: we should have said both were ambitious, though in different ways, did we not find that our young author, having written these poems during a month's illness (not very severe, we presume), prints them to oblige 'partial friends and old school-fellows,' who desire 'to be furnished with copies.' The poems, having been written during sickness may account for their plaintive character as well as their want of energy: they will, however, we doubt not, gratify the individuals by whose special desire they have been printed; and we, therefore, will not disturb the good opinion they entertain of their friend's talents by any remark that might lessen it.

ORIGINAL.

MR. BRANDE'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION—VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Mr. Locke has expressed his regret somewhere (I think in his celebrated essay), that so many gentlemen should pass their time in idle pursuits, instead of enriching themselves with intellectual acquirements: a reflection very natural to one engaged in developing the operations of that noble principle which chiefly distinguishes man from other animals; and, in its cultivation, constitutes the difference between a civilized man and a savage.

If this great philosopher were now alive, he would, I think, still have occasion to make the same reflection, for, in the circle of my acquaintance, I see so many persons pass hours away, either in total listlessness, or, what is worse, in criminal pursuits, that I cannot but acknowledge, with poignant grief, Locke's remark is too applicable.

These reflections, though natural enough to one of a studious and temperate habit, have, lately, more cogently forced themselves upon me, on hearing Professor Brande, a

few mornings since, unfold the beautiful theory of vegetation, and the physiology of the vegetable kingdom; and, subsequently, at his lecture on vegetable and animal chemistry, at the Royal Institution.

Mr. Brande's intermission from lecturing seemed eminently to have had the effect of accumulating all his powers for that occasion, as a strong and healthy man is restored by rest for the exercise of his vigour in his daily toil. The subject was not new to me, having heard Mr. Brande, I think, thrice before: had it been new, there would have been no surprise at the emotions which this lecturer produced in me; but whether it was the subject or his manner of treating it, that gave me so much delight, I am still unable to determine. Mr. Brande's reasoning and demonstration were conducted in the most beautiful chain of propositions, in which there was no unnecessary, unconnecting, or deficient link, and each word, with wonderful happiness, was most opportunely adapted to its corresponding idea. The whole had such an effect on me as to produce an involuntary, and almost irresistible emotion, to break out in an open plaudit; but the gravity of the subject restrained me. I was not, however, the only person that felt the influence of the lecture: a friend of mine who was present, to express his idea of the force of Mr. Brande's eloquence, said, it *rolled out*: it is indeed, in general, an ample and steady stream, with only here and there a ripple, which has the effect that light and shade have in a picture, in showing the other parts more distinctly.

A lecturer, perhaps, would choose few subjects on which to show the beauty of science and the powers of scientific eloquence, better than the introductory lecture to vegetable chemistry. How well Mr. Brande can acquit himself on this subject, must be judged of by the effects produced, and I should be happy if I could, through the medium of *The Literary Chronicle*, excite a disposition in my friends and your readers to give up some part of their time to scientific pursuits.

To those of your readers already acquainted with this interesting subject I do not presume to address myself; but to such as are unacquainted with the analogies between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, a few words may, perhaps, excite some attention in them to this subject.

A clown whose eye is constantly viewing the vegetable kingdom sees nothing in a plant but the stem, branches, leaves, and, in fine, nothing but what is most obvious to the dullest capacity: but the philosopher will inform him that it has a vascular system, and, abstracting nutrition from the soil by means of absorbents in the roots, transmits it by one set of vessels up the trunk, then laterally by the branches, and ultimately to the leaves, when it undergoes certain changes, and is thence, by another set of vessels, returned downwards to every part of the plant or tree, to form new wood or new parts. How like the circulation of the blood in man! but this is not the only analogy:—every one knows that, in fractured bones, Providence has so kindly and so wisely ordered it, that an osse-

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ous secretion is rapidly formed, which soon covers the broken part, and, in a short time, restores the bone to its former strength; so also, in trees, if you cut off a narrow slip of bark, called ringing, taking care not to cut too deep, so as to wound the vessels which convey the sap upwards, or else you will destroy the branch, a matter soon begins to secrete, which will in time unite the parts of the bark, and the tree receives no further injury. Again, plants respire, giving out one kind of gas, and abstracting another from the atmosphere, just similar to animals: only that the gas which is given out by the one is that which is abstracted by the other, and *vice versa*.

On vegetable as well as animal chemistry, new views are continually opening. The analogy between the ultimate elements of two proportionals of olefiant gas and one of water, when compared with one of alcohol (spirit of wine), is truly surprising; that they were composed of the same ultimate elements was before known, but we are indebted to the theory of proportionals to show us that two substances so dissimilar should be composed of the very same quantity and the very same elements; and, further, that ether is alcohol, deprived of the elements of half the proportional of water which the latter contains: but how much more surprising is it, that all vegetable substances, whether solid or liquid, should be composed, with trifling exceptions, of the three elements, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen only; and out of these, the Deity, by combining them in different proportions, forms all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom! Our admiration, however, must not stop here, for the whole animal kingdom, also, with few exceptions, is produced from the same three elements, with only the addition of nitrogen, the chief component of our atmosphere! How does this baffle human pride, and ought to subdue human presumption!

I have already taken up so much of your columns, that I have no room to say any thing particular on animal chemistry, and shall only observe generally, that it is not less interesting to the philosopher, and, perhaps, much more so to the medical student.

To conclude, I cannot help expressing my opinion of the very excellent regulation which has been adopted at the Royal Institution, in having Mr. Faraday to lecture alternately with Mr. Brande. It is good for several reasons: it relieves the professor, brings forward a very meritorious young man, and forms an agreeable variety to the student.

NAUTICUS.

Thursday, 3rd Feb. 1825.

LONDON WINTER AND LONDON WOMEN.

PARLIAMENT has once more met; that awful moment, so fatal to the comfort of reporters and the pursuits of sporting members, has arrived. Woodcocks and snipes repose in safety under the gentle reign of gamekeepers and freezing poachers; and the bustle which lately pervaded the lofty halls of nobility and the ancient manor-houses of country gentlemen, is at once transferred to London. The table groaning with costly

piles of food, brought from every region, and seasoned by the produce of every clime; wine which, alike in both town and country, 'maketh glad the heart of man;' beauty and dress, gaiety and splendour, the gifts of art and science, of wealth and knowledge; all are now assembled or assembling in the metropolis. Hither, as to the centre of attraction, come orators, to exult in the greatness of the country, or to lament over what they call the imperfections of its government,—Rich and illustrious heirs, to share the pleasures and exhibit the honours which can only be offered and appreciated in the society of their peers,—Poor, but talented speculators, of every description, both male and female, who trust that in this magnificent melée, some turn of the die may give them fortune, or place them in the high road to it. Such are the leeches who fasten on wealthy minors, haunt the card-parties of well-jointed dowagers, learn to a nicety how many funded thousands are in the name of one heiress, how many acres swell the estates of another. Mothers with marriageable daughters too often run in this class; and daughters themselves, sensible that papa has done his utmost in providing them with a fashionable education, are compelled to unite in the trickery, the solicitude, the thousand disingenuous arts and anxious cares, which belong to a system at which the modesty of youth revolts, whilst the artificial wants of society compel it. With the cunning and the designing on principle, come also the buoyant and aspiring spirits, who are impelled by generous emulation into the proper field for exertion,—the timid, who are driven by friends, drawn by want, or led by the whispers of hope, which is the constant seducer of youth, whether bold or meek. All, all, press *here*, as the *heart* which at once receives and dismisses the vital current which circulates through the whole empire, subsisting and animating the mighty mass, from the foot which proudly tramples, and the hand which kindly gives, to the most diminutive fibre and the most worthless excrescence in the frame.

If the history of a single day could be given of the schemes, sufferings, pleasures, hopes, fears, disappointments, imaginations, real or ideal vexations, of a hundred human beings taken promiscuously, from St. James's to St. Giles's inclusive, what a wonderful picture might not be given of the gradations of human existence, in its wealth, poverty, knowledge, ignorance, occupation, morality, crime, suffering, and pleasure! Yet in how many points should we find that close resemblance in sensibility, intention, projected guilt, meditated benevolence, artful contrivance, vindictive passion, and generous propensity; in which nature, unfettered by circumstance, places the peer on a par with the porter, and renders the jewel-crested bosom of the countess as subject to trouble and solicitude as that of the itinerant fishwoman, whose whole dependence for the bread of her hungry children lies in that heavy basket which it almost breaks her neck to support. If we look at the one, robed in the richest produce of the loom, seated on her costly

sofa, surrounded by every luxury that can excite appetite, awaken pleasure, procure ease, and add charms to beauty, we can with difficulty persuade ourselves that one thought of the heart of a creature so endowed, so refined, can resemble that of a being at the other extremity of existence. Let us turn one moment from this lovely, high-born, intelligent, and amiable female, to look at the other.

She came into the world very fair, and her still bright-beaming eye was not then her only beautiful feature: labour has enlarged her form, and tanned her skin; the pitiless storm has passed over her, both body and mind. She is coarse in person, vulgar in manners; she can brawl with the loudest, work with the hardest. In a miserable garret she sits on a broken chair, fanning the handful of fire left from her last bushel of coals, that she may warm the beer pottage, anxiously awaited by three hungry urchins now standing round her. She has another yet, that is soothed by the caresses of the sick father, as he lies (where, alas! he has long lain) on the poor pallet which constitutes the bed of the whole family. His Kate blusters hard for a good bargain at Billingsgate, but he knows her to have as kind and as true a heart as ever beat in a woman's breast. Here, then, comes the point of resemblance between her and the wife of the earl;—at this moment, both suffer in those they love: the one forgets all the good which surrounds her, in overwhelming solicitude for her sick lord, now on travel; the other remembers not the fatigues of her long day's toil, the many disappointments that have vexed her, and the harassing employ which, after a short night's rest, she must again encounter; for she has found the husband she loves delighted to behold her, and knows that the food she brings will satisfy her craving brood, each of which is so dear to her heart, that, like the eider-duck, she could tear the down from her breast to nourish them.

Yes, this is equality!—the sisterhood which brings high and low to one level, in situations of life and character least likely to admit of parallel.—And will not the recollection of every Christian whisper one still nearer, when he follows in idea the fond wife to her closet, when, forgetful of all earthly greatness, she prostrates herself in humble prayer, whilst Kate, in simple language, but under the same emotion, as she feeds her beloved invalid, looks devoutly to heaven, and cries—'God bless thee, and make it do thee good, my own dear Richard.'

B.

BONAPARTE'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL Comte de Segur has recently published a work in France, entitled '*L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de la Grande Armée, pendant l'Année 1812.*' It is now in course of translation, or republication, in this country, and when it appears we shall lose no time in noticing it; in the mean time, we can present our readers with a few interesting extracts, for which we are indebted to the last No. of the 'London Magazine,' where there is an article on the subject, written by an officer of

the Grand Army. We avoid all critical remarks until the work comes regularly before us. Our first extract relates to the battle of Moskowa:—

‘It was half-past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt that had been taken on the 5th of September. There he awaited the first appearance of day, and the first musket-shots from Poniatowski’s detachment. The sun arose, and the Emperor, pointing it out to his officers, exclaimed, “Behold the sun of Austerlitz,” but it was unfavourable to us. It rose on the side of the Russians, enabling them to see us distinctly, while it dazzled our eyes. It was then discovered that during the darkness our batteries had been stationed out of reach of the enemy. It was necessary to advance them; this we did without receiving any obstruction from the enemy. They seemed unwilling to be the first to break this terrible silence. The attention of the Emperor was directed towards the right, when suddenly on the left the battle began; he soon was informed that one of Prince Eugene’s regiments, the 106th, had carried the village of Borodino, and the bridge, which they should have broken down, but that, hurried away by their success, in despite of the cries of their general, they pushed on to attack the heights of Goreki, from whence the Russians swept them by a fire in front and flank. Further information soon arrived that the general commanding this brigade had been killed, and the 106th would have been entirely destroyed, had not the 92d regiment, of its own accord, rushed forward to their aid, and sheltered and brought back the survivors. It was Napoleon himself who had given orders to his left wing to begin the attack furiously. Probably he thought that he would have been but half obeyed, and that he wished only to draw the attention of the enemy to that side. But he so multiplied his orders, and overstrained his excitements, that the attack, which he had planned as an oblique one, was directed against the front of the enemy. During this action, the Emperor judging that Poniatowski was already engaged upon the old road to Moscow, had given the signal of attack before him. Suddenly, from that tranquil plain, and those silent hills, were seen shooting up volumes of fire and smoke, followed by a thousand explosions, and the whistling of balls that tore the air in every direction. In the midst of this astounding noise, Davoust, with the divisions Campans, Desaix, and thirty pieces of cannon in front, advanced rapidly upon the first hostile redoubt. The fusillade of the Russians began, to which the French artillery alone replied. The infantry advanced without firing, wishing to arrive close to the enemy before pouring in a volley; but Campans, at the head of this column, and his bravest soldiers, fell wounded; the remainder, disconcerted, halted under this shower of balls in order to reply to it, when Rapp rushed forward to replace Campans; he hurried the soldiers forward, and brought their bayonets to the charge in double quick time against the enemy’s redoubt. Already he himself the first had touched it when he was struck by a shot: this was his twenty-second wound. A

third general succeeded to him, and also fell; Davoust himself was wounded. They bore Rapp to Napoleon, who said to him, “Eh! what Rapp, always! But what are they doing above there?” The aide-de-camp replied that the guard would be necessary to conclude the affair. “No,” said Napoleon; “I shall take good care not to let them go, I do not wish to see them destroyed. I shall gain the battle without that necessity.” Ney then, with his three divisions reduced to ten thousand men, threw himself into the plain, and hastened to succour Davoust; the enemy divided their fire; Ney pushed on. The 57th regiment of Campans, seeing itself supported, recovered its ardour, and, making another desperate effort, attained the enemy’s intrenchments, escalated them, came up with the Russians, whom they drove before them at the point of the bayonet, killing those who still stood their ground. The remainder fled, and the 57th established themselves in the position they had conquered. At the same time Ney attacked the two other redoubts with such impetuosity that he wrested them from the enemy. It was now noon; the left of the Russian line thus forced, and the plain clear, the Emperor ordered Murat to lead the cavalry thither and finish the affair. In an instant this prince was seen upon the heights, and in the midst of the enemy, who had re-appeared there, for the second Russian line and some reinforcements, led by Bagawont and sent by Tuchkof, had come to support the first. All were hurrying forward to retake their redoubts. The French, who were still in the disorder of victory, were astounded, and retired. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had despatched to aid Poniatowsky, were traversing the wood which separated the prince from the rest of the army, when they perceived through the dust and smoke our troops retrograding. From the direction of their march they took them for the enemy, and fired upon them; this mistake, in which they persisted, increased the disorder. The enemy’s cavalry followed up vigorously their good fortune; they surrounded Murat, who forgot himself while endeavouring to rally his troops; already they had stretched forth their hands to seize him, when he escaped from them by throwing himself into the redoubt; but there he only found a few frightened soldiers who had given themselves up for lost, and were running round the parapet seeking for an issue by which to make their escape. The presence and exhortations of the King at first reassured some of them. He himself snatched up a weapon, and, while using it with one hand, with the other he raised and shook in the air his white plume, by which he brought together his troops, and re-inspired them by the influence of his example with their former valour. At the same time, Ney had got his divisions into order. His fire checked the enemy’s cuirassiers, threw confusion into their ranks, and they at length gave way; Murat was then relieved, and the heights reconquered.

Napoleon was seen during this entire day either slowly pacing up and down or seated in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been taken on the 5th, on the borders of

a ravine, far from the battle, which he could scarcely perceive since it had moved beyond the heights; he seemed to feel no alarm when it re-appeared and approached him, and expressed no impatience either against his own troops or the enemy. He showed only by signs a kind of sad resignation, when from time to time he was informed of the death of his best generals. He rose frequently, walked a few paces, and then sat down again. Those around him looked upon him with astonishment. Hitherto during the shock of battle he was accustomed to evince a calm activity, but on this occasion it was a lethargic calm, a feeble mildness, devoid of activity: some took it for that prostration of spirit, the usual result of violent sensations; others imagined that it arose from his mind having become blunted (*blasé*) to every thing, even to the “rapture of the fight.” The most zealous attributed his immobility to the necessity, which required that the commander in chief of an extensive line of military operations should not too often change his position, in order that the reports from his generals might easily reach him. Others, in fine, ascribed it to the more probable motives of the debilitated state of his health, and his violent and severe indisposition. The generals of artillery, who were astonished at the inaction in which they had been left, promptly took advantage of the permission they had just received to fight. They were soon seen upon the summits of the hills, whence eighty pieces of cannon were discharged at once. The Russian cavalry first advanced, but were soon broken and forced to take shelter behind their infantry. The infantry then came forward in thick masses, in which our balls made wide and deep fissures; and yet they continued to advance, when the French batteries, redoubling their fire, mowed them down with grape-shot. Whole platoons fell at once, and the soldiers were seen endeavouring to keep together under this terrible fire; every moment blanks were made by death, but still they moved close to each other over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length they halted, not daring to advance farther, and yet not wishing to retire, whether it be that they were struck, and as if petrified with horror in the midst of this immense destruction, or that at the moment Bagration fell wounded; or that their first disposition failing, their generals were incapable of changing it, not possessing, like Napoleon, the difficult art of manœuvring rapidly, and without confusion, such numerous bodies of troops. In fine, these inert masses allowed themselves for the space of two hours to be mowed down, without giving any signs of motion, but that occasioned by their fall. The massacre, upon this occasion, was frightful, and the enlightened valour of our artillerymen wondered at the immobile, blind, and resigned courage of their enemies.

‘It was towards four o’clock that this last victory was gained; there had been several during the day: each division got the better of the enemy opposed to them, without being able to follow up their success, and decide the battle: for, not being supported in time by the reserve, they were obliged to

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stop short from exhaustion. But, at length, all the principal obstacles were surmounted. The noise of the artillery diminished, and was heard at a greater distance from the Emperor's position, whither officers were hastening from all parts of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiani, after a desperate struggle, had also been victorious; the enemy had halted and retrenched themselves in a new position. It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the Emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly towards the heights of Semenowska. He found there a field of battle but incompletely gained, for the cannon-balls and even the bullets of the enemy still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them: after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained since morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory, so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete. Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her last favours? For the loss was immense, and without proportionate result. Every one around the Emperor had to deplore the death of a friend or a relation, for the havoc had been great among the officers of high rank. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! What triumph for his enemies! What a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany! In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by his flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible. At ten o'clock, Murat, whom twelve hours' fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. "The enemy," he said, "were passing hastily, and in disorder, the Moskowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them." The Emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardour, and then dictated the bulletin of the day. He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard had been exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity: they thought, that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners, who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve untouched a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of the

day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. "Health is indispensable to a soldier; its place can be supplied by no other quality;" and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the Emperor made use of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, "Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop."

Alluding to this battle, the reviewer (not Comte de Segur) says:—

'Prince Eugene Beauharnois and King Murat presided at the frightful butchery of the Moskowa, like men who seemed to think there was no such thing as death,—Murat braved it like a ranting actor, and with a constitutional gaiety, which, though a little *de mauvais ton*, was all powerful in its effect upon his soldiers. The extravagant costume of this theatrical king, the plume of feathers two feet high, dancing above his casque, and his headlong valour, made him the admiration and rallying-point of the troops. The bravery of Prince Eugene, who always preserved much of the marquis of the *ancien regime*, was cold, simple, and *de bon ton*. It was remarked that his refinement of feeling was greatly shocked when, during some moments of the day, being on foot, he was obliged to march ankle-deep through the pools of blood that thickly intersected the plain. Seeing his finest regiments mowed down like grass, he sent to the Emperor for aid, informing him that the troops could hold out no longer. "I cannot remedy that," replied Napoleon, who was endeavouring to assuage his fever thirst with copious draughts of tea. Napoleon had considerably increased his malady by passing the night of the 6th, until four in the morning, upon horseback, reconnoitring the enemy's position, within gun-shot of their lines.'

The scenes which occurred during this campaign were of the most appalling description, particularly after Napoleon had left the army:—

'The winter,' says Comte de Segur, 'now overtook us, and, by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles. The best-conducted no longer respected themselves. All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder; excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration—the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak, and despoiled them: they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, and snatched the morsels from each other's

mouths, like a troop of famished wolves. However, a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer, or comrade, fell alongside them, or under the wheels of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them by a common country, religion, and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All, except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings; and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity, but in which latter case it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct, and altogether physical; and indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.'

'When unable, from total exhaustion, to proceed, they halted for a moment, Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then that, in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces, like automata; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and, mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation: this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonizing moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of livid blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.'

'Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses, or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and were huddled together like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their

bodies, till their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls, already half-dead with cold, expired in the flames. At Joupranouii, the soldiers set fire to whole houses, in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches, whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious: these rushing forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and, with demoniac laughter, precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half-roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips the revolting food.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE IN A COT.

A duet, from an unpublished opera, by Mrs. Carey, author of 'Lasting Impressions,' a novel.

Phelim.

WITH pleasure, dear girl, would I toil through the day,

To procure thee the comforts of life;

And, at night, when returning, be cheerful and gay,

If bless'd with my sweet little wife.

And, though Love (it is said)

Flies from Poverty's shed,

Let us hope, dearest girl, when we marry,

That, though frugal our fare,

If Content should be there,

Her smile may induce him to tarry.

Jane.

Heart-cheering Content is oft found in the cot,

Though she flies from the dwelling of Pride;

Then doubt not, dear Phelim, though humble our lot,

With us she will deign to reside—

And, should Envy or Spleen

For a moment be seen

(As the wisest at times may be wrong),

When Love to the sky

Is beginning to fly,

We'll recall him to earth with a song.

GENIUS.

'Then it was that the first dawn of poetic inspiration came upon him; a new world of beauty, of which, till then, he had never had a glimpse, burst upon his sight.'—*Literary Chronicle*, No. 215.

Touched by the enchanted wand of Genius, clad In robes of light, asunder burst those clouds Oblivion darkly round the youth had thrown, And fell the scales of ignorance from his eyes; Yet the strong fetters of a wayward fate, A cruel destiny, hung on him still, Which, as he shook them in exulting joy, To view the glory of the opening scene, With sullen sounds prophetic, seemed to say 'From us thou ne'er shalt part!'

The dark wild heath,

Where late he wandered, vex'd with wind and storm,

Without one lovely flower or bloomy shade,

Was to a blissful paradise transformed!—

As Adam from his first soft dream awoke,

On rose-empurpled bank, and Eden saw,—

In all its pomp of blushing fruits and flowers, Its palmy woods, and cedar forests tall,— With their gay tenants of a thousand forms, Of beautiful colour, shape, and radiant wing,— Golden and azure its delicious bowers, O'er which the sunbeams their proud glory flung, And waters with their lustre mocking them,— While all was music, life, and joy, and love: So to the youth appeared the immortal fields Of poesy and fame.

A swell of harps,

Majestic, solemn, plaintive, wild, and soft, Rung in his ears, like angels' choral lays By dying martyrs heard!—and they who swept Those varied harps amid the shades were seen, Like spirits of brightness in Elysian climes,— Immortal bards! adorned in glittering robes Of stately pomp, wove by the hand of Fame. Among the groves, in classic ease, they strayed And gathered lily garlands, or reposed On mossy bank, flinging their idle lyre To the fond wind-god, who, amid the chords Wand'ring, awoke wild music—or the sands, The golden sands, where Castalius flowed, Gathered abundantly.—

Fired with the scene,

The mad enthusiast forward rushed, and snatched,

With daring hand, that epic lyre, which He, The mightiest of the bards in the western isles, Struck to the notes of burning Seraphim!

His faltering hand the strings, o'er which so long

Fate had the awful spell of silence cast, Rashly awoke, and onward up the path— The minstrel's path of triumph, spread with flowers,

That to Renown's refulgent temple leads— Pressed eagerly—striving his heavy chains, That shackled all his energies, to tear For ever off.—But ah! in vain—Fate bound Those iron gyves still closer, and increased Their ponderous burden!—Envy and Neglect*, That withering fiend to Genius, chok'd his path, With sharpest thorns and briers, which pierced him through

With many hapless sorrows!—piling still Eternal Alps to bar his weary way To Fame's fair mountain temple.—Down he flung,

In deep despair, the harp, no more to wake Its high cherubic measures!

Lulworth Cottage, Jan. 1825. J. F. PENNIE

FINE ARTS.

HEATH'S VIEWS OF LONDON. NOS. I. AND II.

CONSIDERED as engravings, these views possess much elegance and taste, although we must candidly confess that they are not altogether what we were prepared to behold after reading the prospectus, which is somewhat pompous and quackish. 'The capital of the British empire,' says the address to the public, 'contains a more extensive variety of ancient and magnificent objects for graphic delineation, and, in conjunction with the

* This alludes to that stubborn silence and haughty neglect which all those reviewers that pretend to be the chief directors of the public taste, have shown to the author's two epic poems of 'The Royal Minstrel' and 'Rogvald,' which will ever remain a convincing proof of that great liberality which marks the present boasted age of literature and universal philanthropy.—ED.

river Thames, presents a greater number of picturesque scenes to the pencil of the artist and the eye of the connoisseur, than any other city in Europe. In it are comprised the massive remains of rude ages—the simplest and most superb models of pointed architecture—the most stupendous as well as the choicest specimens of Italian style—and some of the best revivals of the classic structures of Greece and Rome.'

We feel mightily disposed to question the correctness of this assertion, and presume that it is to be understood *cum grano salis*. It is, however, comfortable to be told, that our own metropolis is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe; for we had hitherto always been of opinion that, in proportion to its extent, it exhibits much less of either picturesque or architectural scenery than any other: while its general character is certainly any thing but imposing. But very few of its public buildings are on a grand scale, and it exhibits, with one or two solitary exceptions, no splendid private mansions whatever. Among all its numerous squares, there is not one that has any pretension to architectural grandeur; for Fitzroy Square is in an unfinished state, and the south side of St. James's Square is occupied by mean houses. The truth is, there has not hitherto been any popular feeling among us for architecture, else why do not our patrician families and *nouveaux-riches* indulge it? Certainly not because it is too expensive; for as much is sometimes laid out in chalked floors, exotics, and other temporary decorations for a grand *at-home*, as would almost suffice to bestow on the mansion itself a stone front of elegant architecture. The fact is, architecture is not the fashion, and that is saying every thing: there are, however, some indications of a better taste beginning to appear; whether merely transient or not, time must discover. But we are digressing terribly,—at least, so we fear many of our readers will think.

'Of these diversified and attractive objects,' continues the address, 'either taken separately or in tasteful combination with the waters of the river, and the many other constituents of splendid landscape in London and its vicinity, the work now submitted to the public will be composed. Other graphic publications have heretofore appeared, embracing detached features of the present comprehensive one; but a select series of views, conveying a just and connected representation of the architectural and pictorial beauties of the metropolis and the surrounding country, has hitherto been a desideratum.'

In the choice of subjects for so important and patriotic an undertaking, such only have been adopted as, from their intrinsic grandeur or their association with scenes of an impressive character, are capable of interesting and gratifying a refined taste. Among these, the many noble and enchanting views formed by the recent improvements in the environs of London, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, hold a conspicuous place, and add a new adornment to the work.'

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Now, we should really like to know, what principle of selection was adopted, when the Burlington Arcade was made choice of for one of the subjects. For our own part, we could have wished to have seen Mr. Heath's burin better employed: surely, the court-yard of the adjoining noble mansion would have presented a scene more worthy of representation. Besides, we fear that, if the artists proceed in this manner, they will have completed their proposed number of plates, without noticing many interesting subjects, as the work is limited to sixty plates. We should have liked, too, to have seen them commence with some of those structures which have not yet been delineated,—at least not in any collection of views, or any work of importance,—in preference to such, for instance, as the Tower, London Bridge, Richmond Hill, &c. which have been represented over and over again. The new façade of the Bank, and some of the interior courts of that pile,—the beautiful portico of St. Pancras, Covent Garden Theatre, St. Paul's School, the University Club-House, the Richmond Terrace at Whitehall, the London Institution, &c.—these untouched subjects would at least have novelty to recommend them, and would not have failed to excite interest and attention at the outset of the work. We are of opinion, also, that the views already given are of rather too general a nature, at least to satisfy those who wish the architectural objects to be as correctly detailed as the size of the plates, which is by no means considerable, will admit. The buildings in the Regent's Park, and many of those connected with the recent improvements in that neighbourhood, will certainly look much better on paper than in reality: we are sorry, however, to perceive that even here the best specimens do not appear to be selected, at least if we may judge from that which is given—namely, that very ugly range of buildings with cupolas, which is altogether in exceedingly bad taste.

Mr. Heath has certainly performed his part of the task in a manner that will not detract from his reputation, but we really cannot say at present that the draftsmen have done much that will add to their's. We trust, however, that the work will improve as it proceeds.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOOR FIELDS.

The front of this building, which has for several years been in an unfinished state, is now completed; and, although there certainly is much that might easily be improved, and some parts that do not display the purest architectural taste, the general effect is bold, and by no means devoid of character. This façade may be considered as divided into five intercolumns, by two columns and four pilasters of the Corinthian order: of these intercolumns three are open, forming a slightly recessed loggia; and those at the extremities closed, having a door, and a blank window or panel above it. A considerably lofty flight of steps, leading up to the loggia or portico, impart an air of stateliness to the building; but the principal door and the

two small windows in the loggia are in as wretched and paltry a taste as can well be conceived. Surely, with a very little exercise of ingenuity, the architect might have contrived some substitute for these loop-hole-looking windows*. With respect to the door, it is to be lamented that Lothbury is at such a tremendous distance from Moorfields, else the architect might perhaps have taken a hint from the entrance to the Bank in Princes Street, and have produced something more tasteful and more appropriate than what, both in hue and every other respect, looks more like a tradesman's shop-shutters than a door to a place of public worship.

Really, when we see those who style themselves architects commit such egregious solecisms in point of taste, we can hardly help suspecting that those features of their buildings which are really good are only accidentally so, for it would be hard indeed if those who seem to pick the different parts of an edifice merely at random, did not now and then chance to introduce something good among much that is poor and trivial. Experiments in architecture should always be made either with models or on paper, not with brick and mortar; for it is not in every case convenient to adopt such a corrective process as that which has been resorted to at Westminster Hall.

Among the pictures sold during the present exhibition at the British Gallery are—the Enchanted Island, by Mr. Danby, purchased by John Gibbons, Esq., for 200 guineas; a Scene in Bristol Harbour, by G. Jones, R.A. for 100 guineas, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Pandora crowned by the Seasons, by Mr. Etty, for 150 guineas, to Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Champion, by Mr. Eastlake, for 150 guineas, by William Hutchinson, Esq.; the Review, by Mr. Farrier, for 70 guineas, by P. Ellams, Esq.; Othello relating his History, by Mr. Fradelle, for 150 guineas, by John Marshall, Esq.; the Burial of Christ, by Mr. Northcote, R.A., for 150 guineas, to the British Institution; Boys launching a Boat, by Mr. Frazer, for 70 guineas, by the Countess de Grey; Rummaging an Old Wardrobe, by Mr. Good, for 80 guineas, by John Hutton, Esq.

THE DRAMA.

STAGE MORALITY—MR. KEAN—MISS FOOTE.

DRAMATIC criticism has entirely changed its character within the last few weeks: we are no longer called on to express our opinions of plays and performances, since it now becomes our first duty to investigate the moral characters of the individuals who appear be-

* The same remark will apply to those in the portico of the new church at Langham Place. Surely it would, in both cases, have been better to have omitted them altogether, as sufficient light for the vestibule might have been obtained by panelling the door with plate glass, protected by rich open or perforated metal work of either bronze or gilt brass, so as to convert an expedient into an ornament;—but architects are the last people to make a virtue of necessity.

fore us, and deal our censure or our praise, not in proportion to their histrionic talents, but their private conduct. The treatment of Mr. Kean by the press had almost terrified all our managers, who, we believe, were on the point of consulting the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other learned divines, as to drawing up a catechism by which they might test all future aspirants for the stage; the reception of Miss Foote has, however, given them hopes that they need not resort to such an alternative, at which they heartily rejoice, justly thinking that it would be as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, as for an actor or actress to pass such an ordeal as seemed preparing for them.

There is no doubt that we are the richest, bravest, best-informed, and most moral people on earth; in short, we are 'most wisest, virtuous, best;' but that we are the most consistent we dare not affirm. We are no apologists for levity of morals, either on or off the stage, but we hate cant, and, above all, we deprecate that personal pique or private animosities should be gratified by stabs under the cloak of morality. We know nothing of Mr. Kean, but as an eminent actor; we never exchanged words with him, and never saw him off the stage but once: we have, therefore, no friend to serve in noticing the rancorous hostility with which he has been treated, and we appreciate too highly the value of morality, in man or woman, to appear the apologist of vice. We have freely expressed our opinion of Mr. Kean's immoralities; we have censured his impudent daring, in appearing on the stage a week after those immoralities had become notorious; we rejoiced that a British audience vindicated its character by expressing, and that most decidedly, its censure on that conduct,—but here our hostility ceased; and from this moment opposition became a wanton or malicious persecution,—we had almost said an illegal combination: and had it been successful in driving Mr. Kean from the stage, and thus making him lose his engagement, he would have had a good ground of action against the persons who had caused it.

A British audience may be intemperate, but it never continues vindictive, and, after the first night, the hostility to Mr. Kean was evidently that of a faction, weak in number and contemptible as to character; nor could all the goadings of the diurnal press, however earnestly directed to that object, succeed in keeping alive the embers of dissatisfaction. In vain did the Times bully, and call Mr. Kean a baboon; we beg pardon—it did not do this in vain, for it disgusted every person of the least feeling, and excited a suspicion that other motives than those of vindicating public morality actuated the writer. Indeed, the writer in the Times has been openly accused by another journal, the British Press, of wanting to raise Mr. Macready on the ruins of Kean; but although he has made no reply to this, we do not believe it. In abusing Mr. Kean, the Times thought it was taking the popular side of the question, and, although it found the public would not support the continued persecution, it was too obstinate to retrace its steps. We

are the less inclined to think the Times has any view of favouring Mr. Macready at the expense of Mr. Kean, because, so far as we recollect, that journal has generally been by much the most favourable to the latter gentleman; but perhaps both these actors might address their critics in the language of Shakespeare:—

—————‘Trust ye?
With every minute do ye change a breath,
And he that was your hate is now your darling.’

The good sense of the public, while it has severely reprehended Mr. Kean, has proved that it is not inexorable. As to Miss Foote, she had less to fear: her frailty was not uncommon, and her sex was sufficient, in some degree, to protect her; though the treatment of Mr. Kean might have given her some uneasiness. Whether this was really the case or not, we will not pretend to say; but she braved all dangers, and appeared on Saturday night at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of Letitia Hardy, in Mrs. Cowley's comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem*. The house was crowded to excess in every part, and her reception was enthusiastic.

This reception has been invidiously contrasted with that of Kean, by some of the daily journals; we by no means wish to lessen the sympathy felt for a female—

—————‘Who stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;’

but it is an act of justice to all parties, and above all to the public, that the case should be fairly stated. Great stress is laid by one journalist on the modesty of Miss Foote, in suffering a few weeks to elapse after her action against Mr. Hayne, before she appeared on the stage; we should be the first to appreciate this modesty, did it exist, although we have no idea of limiting morality to the age of a fortnight or a month; and we are here reluctantly compelled to draw a parallel between Miss Foote and Mr. Kean. It is well known that Mr. Kean was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, and even announced, before the season commenced; his appearance, though ill-timed, was the result of previous arrangement, and was probably urged more earnestly than it would have been, on account of the notorious circumstances which had transpired in the interval between his engagement and appearance. Here we find Mr. Kean under a positive agreement, which Mr. Elliston could, and we doubt not did, insist upon.

How stands the case with Miss Foote? She brings an action for a breach of promise of marriage against a foolish gentleman, who had agreed to take her with all her imperfections on her head, although she had been in keeping with another. She agrees to transfer her affections, and abandon two children she had by her seducer. The trial excites great interest in the theatrical world, and she gains a verdict for £3000. At this time, Miss Foote is without any engagement at any theatre; but such a fillip is this exposure supposed to give her popularity, that the moral managers of Covent Garden hasten to her, and, instead of nine guineas a week, her former salary, give her twenty guineas.

Her first appearance is fixed, and, we believe, announced in the newspapers within a fortnight after her trial. It is true, that she did not appear for some weeks; but it was not because Miss Foote felt abashed, or that the managers were afraid of shocking public delicacy: the true secret of her delayed appearance was that the pantomime drew full houses, and it was not deemed necessary to interrupt the tide of success at the moment, well knowing that Miss Foote's appearance would attract at any time. We challenge the Covent Garden managers to deny this, if they can.

We have one more remark to make, as regards the two cases of Mr. Kean and Miss Foote: it was urged, as an additional crime in Mr. Kean, that he selected, for his re-appearance, a play in which so many passages were applicable to his recent conduct, although it is notorious that he has, invariably, for several years, commenced every season with *Richard the Third*. But let that pass; and we will ask, who selected the play of *The Belle's Stratagem* for Miss Foote's first appearance?—and if the choice was not made solely on account of the applicability of numberless passages to her situation. The fact is, that the play abounds with clap-traps which an audience could not fail of applying to her, and which they did so apply. A few of those passages, which the audience marked by obstreperous applause, we shall quote. Thus, when Mrs. Racket, speaking of Letitia Hardy, says, ‘Had she not an expecting lover in town all the time? She meets him this morning at the lawyer's; I hope she'll charm him; she's *the sweetest girl in the world*!’ the audience at once ‘caught the idea,’ as Matthews says in one of his pieces. On her own appearance she has to say, ‘It is not my toilette that can serve me;’ this produced thunders of applause, as did the following passage:—

‘Men are all dissemblers, flatterers, deceivers! Have I not heard a thousand times of my hair, my eyes, my shape—all made for victory! and to-day, when I bent my whole heart on one poor conquest, I have proved that all those imputed charms amount to nothing.’

When she said, ‘D'ye think a body does not know how to talk to a sweetheart? He is not the first I had;’ and again, when she observes, ‘My face is my fortune,’ few persons present but must have felt that these were the ‘charms’ and ‘mighty magic’ by which she had gained admirers.

On her first entrance, Miss Foote seemed overwhelmed with the kindness of her reception; but she soon recovered her self-possession, and we never saw her play better in any character. In the song ‘Where are you going, my pretty maid,’ she combined a happy mixture of archness and simplicity, and was encored. She was admirably sustained by Mr. Charles Kemble, Jones, Fawcett, and Mrs. Gibbs. On Tuesday night the play was repeated to a full house, but it was by no means so crowded as on Monday; and this circumstance, as well as the audiences of the rival theatre, convince us that, whatever ephemeral success the frailties of actors or actresses may gain by the public curiosity, in

the end, a good moral character will insure the most permanent fame and profit.

We should have been the last to drag the private characters of actors into a dramatic critique, but it has been forced on us by circumstances; and we certainly feel with the John Bull (who has been quiet on this occasion) that ‘we cannot see how the public are to be rigidly moral in Russell Street, and amiably liberal in Bow Street.’ We shall now take leave of the subject, and trust that, in future, we shall have nothing to do with actors and actresses but to notice their performances on, and not off, the stage.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

GIULIO GENOINO, a popular dramatic writer at Naples, whose comedies have been performed with great success by the Fabbriehesi company, is publishing a series of his pieces, in monthly numbers. The subjects of these dramas are principally founded on the records and traditions of Neapolitan history, as their titles denote: viz. *G. B. Vico*; *G. B. della Porta*; the *Tailor of Santa Sofia*; *Sannazarius*; the *Marriage of the Painter Zingaro*, &c. It is rather remarkable that he should not yet have made *Salvator Rosa*, the hero of any of his compositions, as the life of that remarkable man would furnish more than one event abounding in dramatic interest.

The novel of *St. Johnstoun*, or the *Last Earl of Gowrie* (see *Literary Chronicle*, 1823), has been translated into German. A foreign journal, speaking of this work, says, that it has been attributed to a Scotch lady, who has here shown herself a powerful rival of the *Great Unknown*.

Cicognara is publishing an octavo edition of his history of *Modern Sculpture*, with additions and corrections. The work will be comprised in seven volumes, four of which have already appeared.

An Italian translation of the *Biographie Universelle* is now in the course of publication at Venice. Several men of letters, among whom are the editors of the *Biblioteca Italiana* and the *Antologia di Firenze* have lent their assistance to the work, and will not only correct many of the former articles of Italian biography, but supply new ones.

At Milan, M. Custodi has published, in two vols. 8vo. a collection of many essays and papers, by the late Joseph Baretti, who died in London, in 1789. This work, entitled *Scritti Scelti inediti e rari*, &c. contains several scarce pieces by Baretti, and some never before published.

An interesting work is announced in the French journals, entitled *Memoires sur la Grèce*, or a History of the War of Independence, with topographical plans, &c. by Maxime Raybaud, formerly aid-de-camp to the president of the Greek government. The work will contain an historical introduction by Alp Rabbe.

The Stomach Pump.—Mr. Jukes's claim to the merit of first using a pump to clear the stomachs of drunkards and suicides in this country, has called forth Dr. Ure, of Glasgow, who asserts that he is ‘entitled to the

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credit of first having described the employment of a caoutchouc tube and syringe for the purpose of removing poisons or morbid matters from the human stomach.' The doctor adds, with great naïveté, 'It is by no means unusual for a professor to find contrivances of his own, promulgated in his public lectures, afterwards appropriated and puffed off by some individual at a distance. Many of my chemical students repair to London at the end of the session.' Dr. Ure adds a certificate from Mr. Robertson, class assistant in Anderson's Institution, which clearly establishes the facts stated in his letter.

Lieutenant George Lindsay, R. N. has lately invented a machine, which he terms a 'Marine Circulator,' by which means he can place our largest ships of war in any position immediately, when ships are dismasted in action, or attacked by gun-boats in a calm.

It is a singular but assured fact, that the first printed volume of the great Scotch novelist's new work, *The Crusaders*, was seen in this town more than two months ago. On what occasion it happened to be here we cannot ascertain. The delay in the appearance of the work, we understand, arises from some essential change which the author thought it advisable to make in the volume.—*Liverpool paper*.

A new journal, called 'The Telegraph,' has appeared at Stockholm, the first number of which has drawn on the publisher an action from the chancellor.

It is stated in accounts from Stockholm, that Sir Walter Scott will pay a visit in the spring to Sweden and Norway, and that this visit is on account of a novel, the subject of which is taken from the Norwegian history, on which he is now engaged.

Two stout carriages arrived on the 2d of this month at Dijon. They are carrying from Marseilles to Paris an Egyptian sarcophagus, ornamented both outside and in with a multitude of hieroglyphics. This tomb weighs of itself nineteen thousand weight, and the cover eleven; it is four feet and a half high, four feet broad, and eight long. This monument of antiquity has been bought by government.—*French paper*.

M. Milbert, who has been seven years in the United States, has sent to Paris an immense number of subjects for the Museum of Natural History, collected on that continent. Among them are 200 mammifera, of which 45 are alive; 400 species of birds, 100 of which were wanting in the museum; 150 species of reptiles, 200 of fish, 500 shells, of which 30 are new species, and about 400 insects, &c. besides botanical and mineralogical subjects.

M. Pons.—M. Pons, famous for his discoveries of comets, astronomer at the Royal Observatory of Malta, in the duchy of Lucca, is no longer director of that establishment. A rather strange reform in the system of public instruction in that country, suppressing some professorships in the Lyceum, has included, it is not known how, a place which is absolutely distinct from them. This measure seems the more singular, because M. Pons, who enjoyed an honourable

situation in the Royal Observatory at Marseilles, left it only after repeated invitations, and almost against his will, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of the late queen, Maria Louisa, Duchess of Lucca. A decree was at that time issued, promising M. Pons, if he would come to Lucca, full indemnity for the loss of his place, and of his country, and a provision for his family. Such is the conduct of Austria toward men of science!

Noxious Vapours.—Mr. Roberts having been solicited, by a number of gentlemen, to prove the utility of an apparatus of his own invention for the preservation of life where noxious vapour exists, and for the recovery of property in cases of fire, where it would be utterly impossible for any person, without this apparatus, to exist,—the foundry of the Earl of Balcarras was fixed on for the experiment. At twenty minutes before twelve, the stove (about seven yards long and four wide) having been previously supplied with a quantity of hay, cotton waste, brimstone, &c., which was set fire to, was entered by Roberts, his head being covered with a leathern hood, in which were glass eyes, and to which a long leathern pipe was attached, to serve as a conductor of air, which had been previously purified by passing through water, to his mouth. He remained in the stove twenty minutes, though, from the noxious effluvia which, on occasionally opening the door, we were enabled to inhale, we feel very positive that no individual, without this apparatus, could have remained half a minute. During the time of his being in, he was frequently questioned as to how he felt himself, and his answer was, in every instance, 'Very well;' indeed, after he had remained about half the time, he desired that additional brimstone, &c., might be thrown in, and his wishes were immediately complied with. When he had been confined in the stove fifteen minutes, many of the gentlemen expressed a wish that he might be liberated, but he preferred remaining, to prove the efficacy of his apparatus. On coming out of the place, when the hood was taken off his head, he appeared in an extreme state of perspiration, his shirt being as wet as if recently immersed in water. When questioned as to the effect it had on his breathing, he replied, that he felt not the least incommoded, but could have remained some time longer, if it had been necessary. His appearance bore no indication of that of a man who had been confined in so loathsome a dungeon, but as if heated by great bodily exertion. We feel it necessary to enter into these minute particulars, to draw, if possible, the attention of the public to the valuable invention of a hard-working man, which, we doubt not, will prove of incalculable benefit in the saving of property, and be the means of saving many lives. The Rev. J. Dunn, Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. Haliburton, Mr. Paley, and many other scientific gentlemen, were present, and expressed themselves perfectly satisfied. Roberts is by trade a miner, and a native of St. Helen's, in this county. The apparatus has occupied his attention, at intervals, for the last seven years; and, though a very illiterate man, and not at all able to explain, scientifically, the

principle of his invention, he has, nevertheless, so far succeeded in bringing it to perfection, that the benefit likely to accrue from it will be great.—*Preston Pilot*.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Feb. 4	32	35	30	29 72	Fair.
.... 5	27	35	32	.. 72	Do.
.... 6	33	40	33	30 14	Do.
.... 7	35	43	40	.. 14	Cloudy.
.... 8	40	45	36	.. 02	Fair.
.... 9	35	45	40	.. 40	Do.
.... 10	40	47	40	.. 52	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

ON WITNESSING THE LATE MR. DANCE'S FUNERAL.

Though Holbein, in the 'Dance of Death,'
Has symbols drawn his race to save,
A DANCE is seldom in a hearse—
And rarely in the grave.

A DANGEROUS BEAUTY.

A pretty girl will always have
The softest things said to her;
Mens' eyes will wander after her,
And tune their lips to woo her.
When caught in Hymen's tangled net,
One claims her for his wooing;
But, if she should inconstant be,
Her prettiness is ruin. J. R. P.

Horace. Book I. Ode 38. (Imitated.)

Your costly dinners, boy, I hate,
And all the pageantry of state,
Vast glittering piles of massive plate
Which cover lukewarm fare.
Not joints of burly Bess's days,
But neat, nice—*quelque schoses à la braise*,
My palate pleases, and claim my lays:
What can with these compare.
When spread my board, kind fortune send
Some jovial, frank, facetious friend,
With me a social hour to spend,
And share my mod'rate table.
Then for our wines, madeira, port,
(My means deny each costlier sort),
Of these the best I'll freely sport,
As long as I am able.

Quebec Mercury.

Newspaper Blunders.—*Physiological Discoveries*.—On Friday night a young woman, living near the Cheshire Cheese porter-house, at Chelsea, was safely delivered of three children. What adds to the singularity of the case is—they are ALL illegitimate.—*British Traveller*, January 31.

'Fortunate Escape!'—On December the 20th, four men, belonging to the parish of Leuk, formed the rash project of penetrating into the Vallais by the Ravylberg, to purchase brandy. * * * They ventured on a small bridge, which unites two points of a rock, and one of them, a young man, aged twenty-three, lost his self-command, slipped off, and fell down the terrible precipice beneath. * * * 'He was a corpse, mutilated and covered with wounds.' And yet doth the Times entitle the adventure a 'fortunate escape.'

A DUSTMAN'S EPITAPH.

'Dust O!' I cried
Before I died;
Now death, d'ye see,
Cries dust for me:
But when I rise—
Who 'dust O!' cries?
Why living me,—
Not death, d'ye see.

J. R. P.

SALE OF A COUNTRY THEATRE.

A sturdy farmer bought the walls; why, then,
What was a barn will be a barn again!
Corn on the stage, not mummies, will be seen,
And oats be thrashed where actors should have been.

An Echo.—The celebrated Cardan relates the following ludicrous circumstance, as having occurred to a friend:—A friend of mine having set out on his journey, had a river to cross, and, not knowing the ford, he cried out—Oh! To which an echo answered, Oh! He imagining it to be a man, called out in Italian, *onde devor passar*, (where can I pass); it answered *passa*, (pass): and when he asked *qui*, (where); it replied *qui*, (here): but, as the water formed a deep whirlpool there, and made a great noise, he was terrified, and again asked *devo passar qui?* (must I pass here?): the echo returned, *passa qui*, (pass here). He repeated the same question often, and still had the same answer: fearing he should be compelled to swim, if he attempted to pass, and the night being dark and tempestuous, he concluded that his correspondent was some evil spirit, that wanted to entice him into the torrent. He therefore returned, and, on relating his story to me, I convinced him it was no demon, but only the sport of nature.

Works published since our last notice.—Lytal's *Travels in Russia*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12 10s.—Sketch of Ireland in 1824, 2s.—Brougham's *Practical Observations on the Education of the People*, 6d.—Waddington's *Visit to Greece*, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Hamlet, from First Edition, 5s.—Marcus's *Hebrew Grammar*, 10s. 6d.—Paxton's *Illustrations of the Scriptures*, 3 vols. 12 16s.—Caldcleugh's *Travels in South America*, 2 vols. 30s.—The *South-Sea Bubble Detailed*, 3s.—M'Adam on *Trusts*, 7s.—Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. II. 12 11s. 6d.—Maclean on *Quarantine Laws*, 2nd edition, 15s.—M'Imson's *Principles of Political Economy*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Apeology, or *Anecdotes of Monkeys*, 5s. 6d.—Leighton on *St. Peter*, 2 vols. 18s.—Brayley's *Topographical Sketches of Brighton*, 7s.; col. 10s. 6d.—*Tables of Weights and Measures*, 5s.

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